FIRST COMICS
MAY 47 1989
$1.95 $2.45 CANADA
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BADGER™
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RON LIM '88
+
PAUL ABRAMS

# BADGER™

CREATED BY **MIKE BARON**

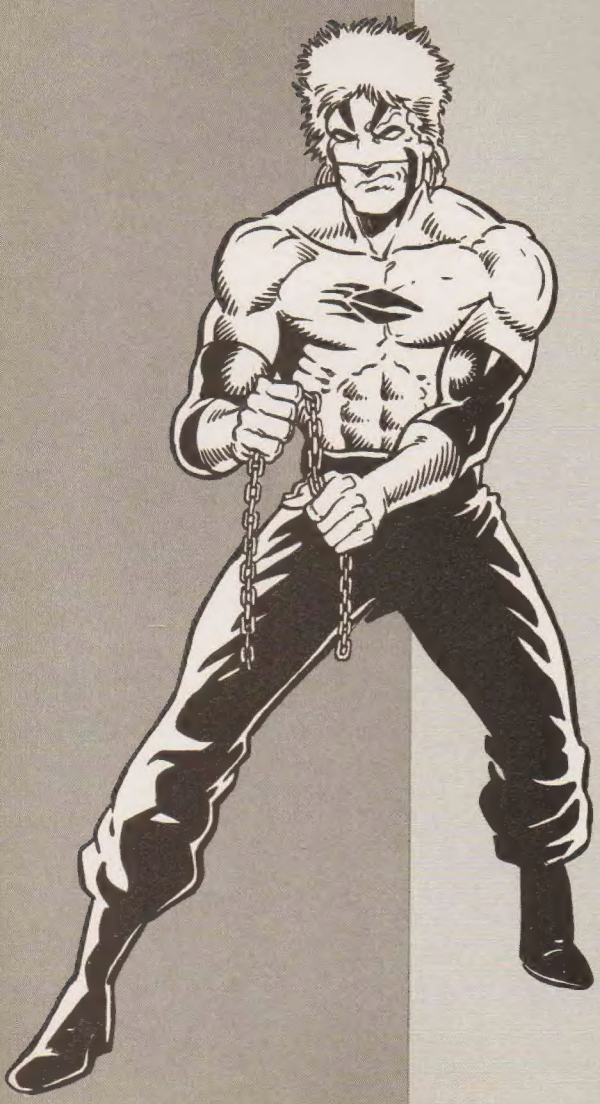
A self-styled crime fighter who rides the highways and by-ways of America, the **Badger** metes out bloody justice to jaywalkers, ticket scalpers, indifferent teenaged fast food clerks, in fact, *any damn body he feels like because he's CRAZY!*

Badger is just one side of **Norbert Sykes**, a Vietnam veteran with a personality problem: it's split seven ways. Nevertheless, Norbert almost always finds himself in a Badger state of mind.

Badger is a master of Shorin-ryu and dozens of other obscure, esoteric, arcane, not to mention abstruse martial arts. He can also talk to the animals — just like Dr. Doolittle. Only with better results.

Badger lives with **Ham the Weather Wizard** in a castle south of Barneveld, Wisconsin. Ham and Badger met while both were inmates at a state mental hospital. Through cunning and chicanery, Ham has amassed a considerable fortune.

Badger calls everyone Larry.



**Last Issue:** Don't worry about it. Nothing really happened last issue.

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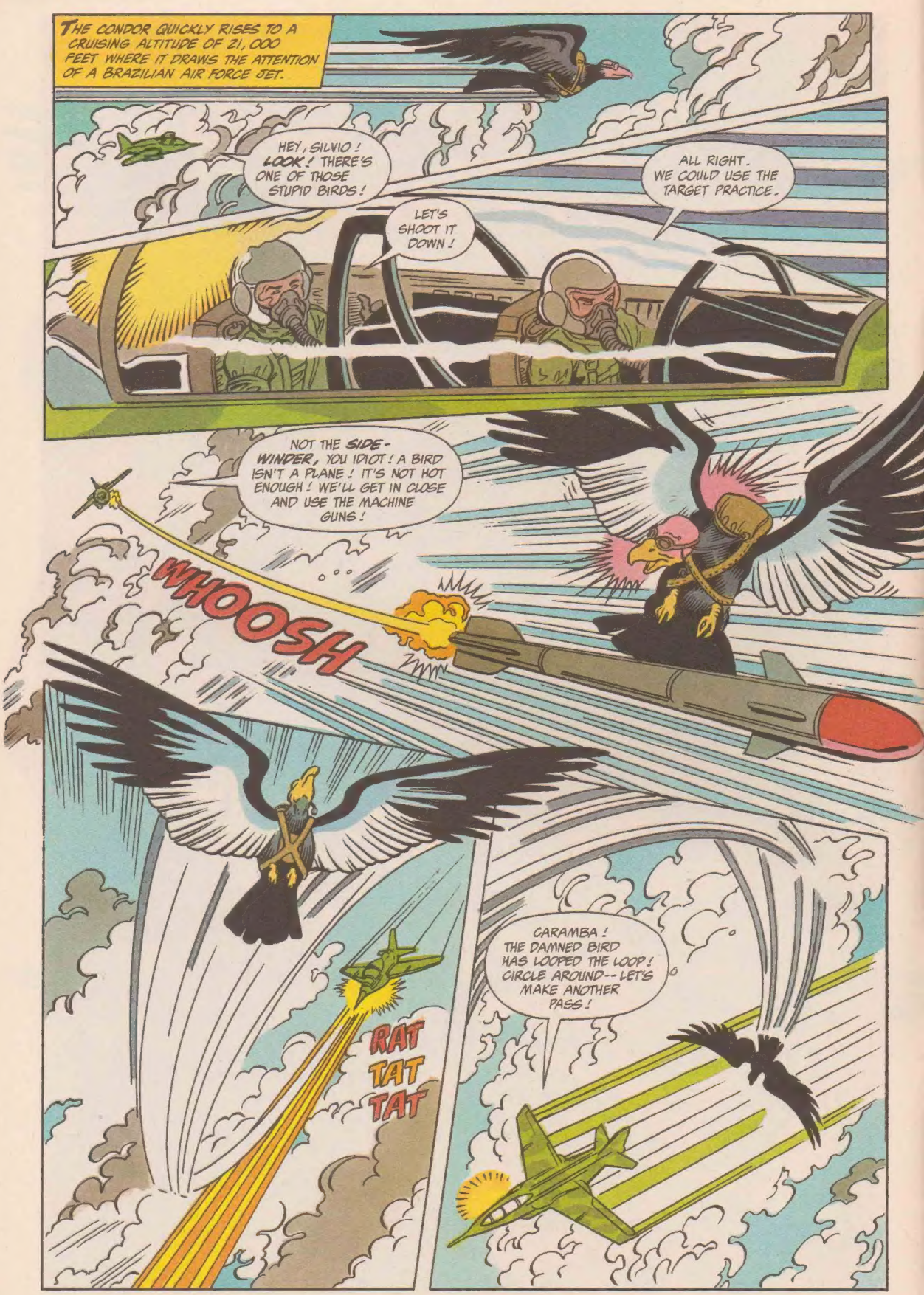
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **BARON** | **LIM** | **ABRAMS** | **OAKLEY** | **MURTAUGH** | **DOYLE** |
| WRITER | PENCILLER | INKER | LETTERER | COLORIST | EDITOR |

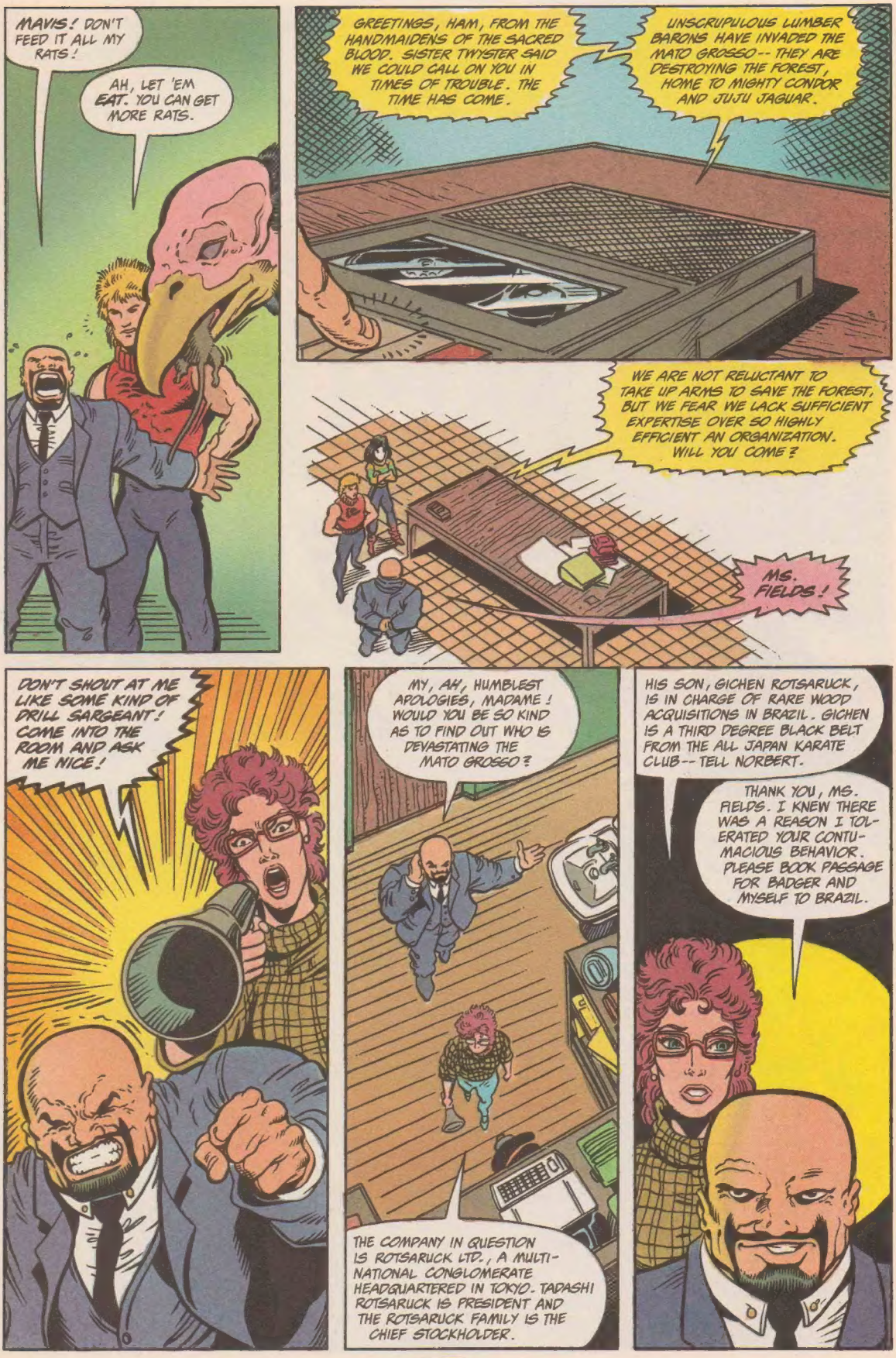
⟨GREAT MOTHER! GREAT MOTHER!⟩*
*TRANSLATED FROM INDIAN DIALECT.
⟨WHAT IS IT, ROSARIO?⟩
⟨THE MEN WITH THE MACHINES HAVE COME! THEY ARE TEARING DOWN THE MATO GROSSO!⟩
⟨SO. IT'S AS WE FEARED-- THE GREEDY LITTLE ANTS ARE TEARING DOWN THE LAST BASTION OF THE JUJU JAGUAR. THEY MUST BE STOPPED.⟩

(SINCE THE HANDMAIDENS OF THE SACRED BLOOD HAVE SWORN TO NEVER AGAIN TAKE UP ARMS EXCEPT IN SELF-DEFENSE, WE MUST CALL UPON OUR NEW ALLY IN AMERICA. BRING ME THE GREAT CONDOR OF THE ANDES!)
(GREAT CONDOR, YOU MUST FLY TO BARNEVELD IN WISCONSIN, IN AMERICA, AND TELL OUR FRIENDS HAM AND THE BADGER THAT WE NEED THEIR HELP.)
(TAKE THIS CASSETTE-- BRING THEM HERE IMMEDIATELY! NOW GO!)
(GOD SPEED! THE FATE OF THE MATO GROSSO RIDES ON YOUR WINGS!)


THE CONDOR QUICKLY RISES TO A CRUISING ALTITUDE OF 21,000 FEET WHERE IT DRAWS THE ATTENTION OF A BRAZILIAN AIR FORCE JET.
HEY, SILVIO! LOOK! THERE'S ONE OF THOSE STUPID BIRDS!
LET'S SHOOT IT DOWN!
ALL RIGHT. WE COULD USE THE TARGET PRACTICE.
NOT THE SIDE-WINDER, YOU IDIOT! A BIRD ISN'T A PLANE! IT'S NOT HOT ENOUGH! WE'LL GET IN CLOSE AND USE THE MACHINE GUNS!
WHOOSH
CARAMBA! THE DAMNED BIRD HAS LOOPED THE LOOP! CIRCLE AROUND--LET'S MAKE ANOTHER PASS!
RAT TAT TAT

HEY, SILVIO! THE DAMNED BIRD FLIES BETTER THAN YOU!
SHUT UP, YOU MARICONE! BE READY WITH THAT CANNON!
NOW WE'VE GOT THE STUPID BIRD WHERE WE WANT IT!
SILVIO! THE ROCKET! THE ROCKET!
BOOM
THE MIGHTY CONDOR SOARED -- NORTH O'ER HILL AND DALE -- STOPPING ONCE TO PHOTOGRAPH THE PANAMA CANAL.
THE MIGHTY CONDOR WANDERED UP AND DOWN THE MISSISSIP'. WHEN HE ARRIVED IN BARNEVELD, HE LET THE RIPCORD RIP.
WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT THE FLIGHT PLAN AND THE CALORIES COSTED, IS IT ANY WONDER THE MIGHTY CONDOR WAS EXHAUSTED?

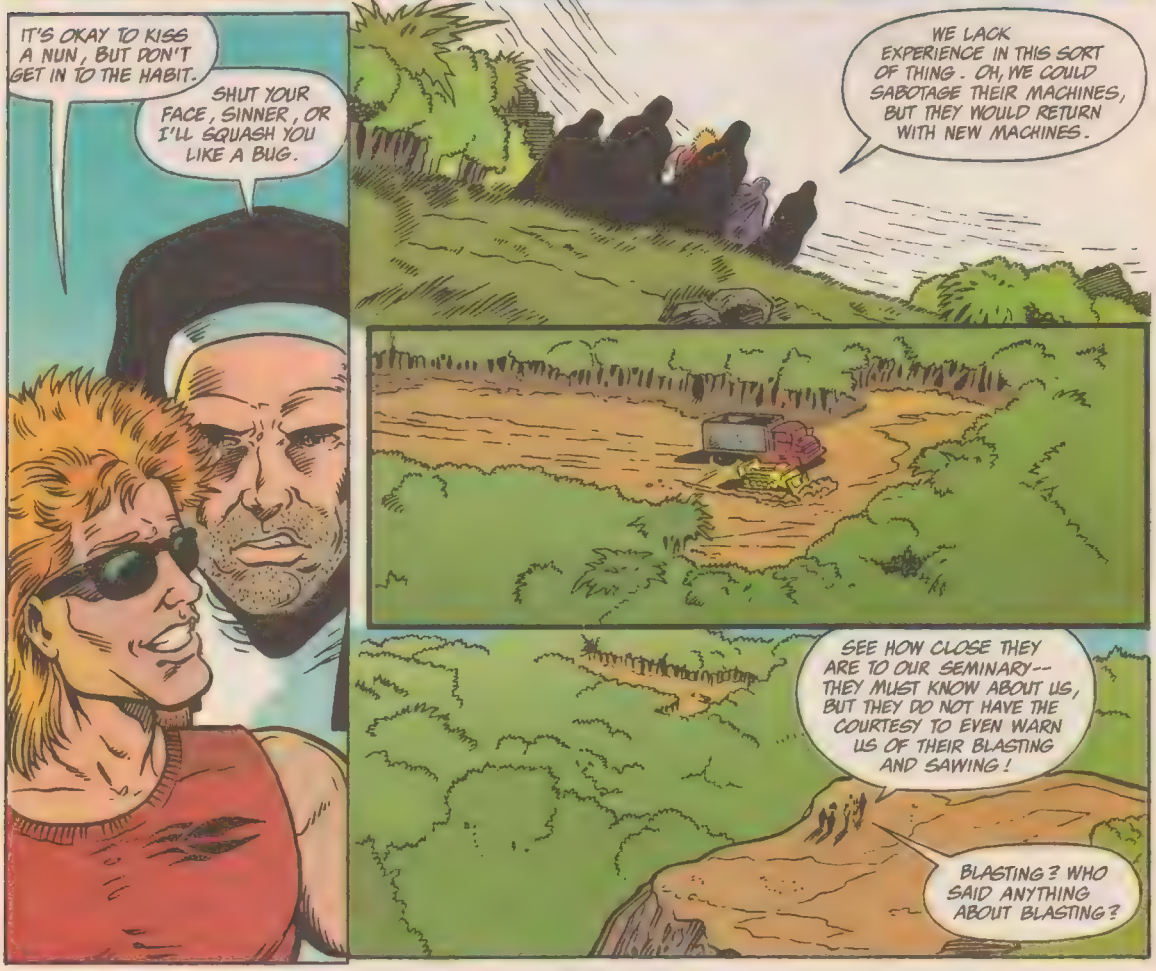
♫ IF EVERYBODY HAD A SKATEBOARD, CROSS THE USA-- WE'D HAVE MULTIPLE CONTUSIONS... AND RUPTURED VERTEBRAE... ♫
♫ IF EVERYBODY HAD A SKATEBOARD-- AND A GHETTO BLASTER TOOOOO-- I'D EMIGRATE TO IRELAND, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOUUU... HUH? ♫
PLOP
YOW! FIRST BIRD CRAP AND NOW THIS!
POOR THING! IT'S HALF-STARVED TO DEATH!
THE CONDOR BROUGHT THIS CASSETTE ADDRESSED TO YOU.
LET'S HAVE IT.


MAVIS! DON'T FEED IT ALL MY RATS!
AH, LET 'EM EAT. YOU CAN GET MORE RATS.
GREETINGS, HAM, FROM THE HANDMAIDENS OF THE SACRED BLOOD. SISTER TWYSTER SAID WE COULD CALL ON YOU IN TIMES OF TROUBLE. THE TIME HAS COME.
UNSCRUPULOUS LUMBER BARONS HAVE INVADED THE MATO GROSSO -- THEY ARE DESTROYING THE FOREST, HOME TO MIGHTY CONDOR AND JUJU JAGUAR.
WE ARE NOT RELUCTANT TO TAKE UP ARMS TO SAVE THE FOREST, BUT WE FEAR WE LACK SUFFICIENT EXPERTISE OVER SO HIGHLY EFFICIENT AN ORGANIZATION. WILL YOU COME?
MS. FIELDS!
DON'T SHOUT AT ME LIKE SOME KIND OF DRILL SARGEANT! COME INTO THE ROOM AND ASK ME NICE!
MY, AH, HUMBLEST APOLOGIES, MADAME! WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO FIND OUT WHO IS DEVASTATING THE MATO GROSSO?
THE COMPANY IN QUESTION IS ROTSARUCK LTD., A MULTI-NATIONAL CONGLOMERATE HEADQUARTERED IN TOKYO. TADASHI ROTSARUCK IS PRESIDENT AND THE ROTSARUCK FAMILY IS THE CHIEF STOCKHOLDER.
HIS SON, GICHEN ROTSARUCK, IS IN CHARGE OF RARE WOOD ACQUISITIONS IN BRAZIL. GICHEN IS A THIRD DEGREE BLACK BELT FROM THE ALL JAPAN KARATE CLUB -- TELL NORBERT.
THANK YOU, MS. FIELDS. I KNEW THERE WAS A REASON I TOLERATED YOUR CONTUMACIOUS BEHAVIOR. PLEASE BOOK PASSAGE FOR BADGER AND MYSELF TO BRAZIL.

BUT HAM, I WANT TO GO TO BRAZIL, TOO!
THIS IS NOT A SHOPPING EXPEDITION, MADAME.
POP
I DON'T WANT TO SHOP. I WANT TO KEEP MY DARLING HUSBAND FROM HAVING HIS FACE MASHED IN. DON'T FORGET, I'M A DOCTOR.
THAT'S MY LITTLE MAVIS!
OH, HELL! THIS IS GOING TO COST ME...
TWO DAYS LATER...
ALL RIGHT, MIGHTY CONDOR-- TAKE YOUR TIME, MAKE PLENTY OF REST STOPS, AND WE'LL HOOK UP WITH YOU IN BRAZIL.
BRACH!
THERE GOES ONE BITCHIN' CONDOR.
HE'S CERTAINLY A BIRD TO PONDER.
SEVERAL DAYS LATER...
THIS IS AS FAR AS I CAN TAKE YOU, SEÑORS. FROM HERE ON THE COMPANY CONTROLS THE RIVER.
WOULD THAT BE ROTSARUCK?
IT WOULD.

ROTSARUCK, SEÑORS. IF THE COMPANY DOESN'T GET YOU, LOOK OUT FOR THE JUJU JAGUAR.
ELUCIDATE, POR FAVOR.
THE JUJU JAGUAR...
EXTREMELY RARE MEMBER OF THE BIG CAT FAMILY NOTED FOR ITS SPECTACULAR BLACK, EMERALD, AND RUBY-RED FUR, ONLY A HANDFUL OF THESE ANIMALS STILL EXIST IN REMOTE AREAS OF THE AMAZON.
THEY ARE EXPERT AT CHARADES AND HAIKU. NORMALLY NON-AGGRESSIVE, THEY CAN BE FEROCIOUS.
SHORTLY, OUR INTREPID TRIO MEET UP WITH THE MIGHTY CONDOR WHO LEADS THEM OVER YONDER.
WOT A BITCHIN' BIRD...
UNTIL AT LAST...
BEHOLD! THE HANDMAIDENS OF THE SACRED BLOOD!
TOTALLY BITCHIN'.
MOTHER SUPERIOR!
HAM, BADGER, DR. DAVIS, THE SISTERHOOD THANKS YOU.
THE PLEASURE IS ALL OURS, MOTHER BLANCHE. I COULDN'T RESIST THE OPPORTUNITY TO CAUSE ROT-SARUCK MISCHIEF.
SISTER TWYSTER WAS A STAND-UP BROAD.

EXCUSE ME, MOTHER SUPERIOR, ARE YOU A TRANSSEXUAL EX-NAZI, TOO?
NO, MY DAUGHTER. I'M THE FORMER CHAIRPERSON OF A MAJOR MULTINATIONAL CORPORATION.
WE SOLD CONTAMINATED MILK TO THIRD WORLD BABIES AND STRIP-MINED ALASKAN FOREST PRESERVES...
NOW WE ARE DEDICATED TO PRESERVING THE FLORA AND FAUNA IN THE FOREST. THIS IS THE LAST REFUGE OF THE JUJU JAGUAR, AMONG OTHER BEASTS.
ALL WOMEN? NO MORE TRANSSEXUALS?
WE ARE ALL SINNERS HERE--FORMER PROSTITUTES, MERCENARIES AND TERRORISTS...
ONCE WE DON THE HABIT, WE ARE ALL GOD'S DAUGHTERS, IRRESPECTIVE OF ANATOMICAL DETAILS.


IT'S OKAY TO KISS A NUN, BUT DON'T GET IN TO THE HABIT.
SHUT YOUR FACE, SINNER, OR I'LL SQUASH YOU LIKE A BUG.
WE LACK EXPERIENCE IN THIS SORT OF THING. OH, WE COULD SABOTAGE THEIR MACHINES, BUT THEY WOULD RETURN WITH NEW MACHINES.
SEE HOW CLOSE THEY ARE TO OUR SEMINARY--THEY MUST KNOW ABOUT US, BUT THEY DO NOT HAVE THE COURTESY TO EVEN WARN US OF THEIR BLASTING AND SAWING!
BLASTING? WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT BLASTING?

OH, SI -- THEY BLAST IN THE RIVER TO KILL THE FISH TO FEED THEIR MEN.
THAT'S UNSPORTSMANLIKE! HAM, MAVIS, MISCELLANEOUS MARSUPIALS INDIGENOUS TO OUTER AUSTRALIA, LET'S GET DOWN! LET'S START KICKIN' BUTTS AND TAKIN' NAMES!
GET SOME REST AND MEET ME BACK HERE AT MIDNIGHT.
ARE WE READY? ARE WE PROPERLY MOTIVATED?
HEY! WHO SAID YOU COULD SWIPE MY DUDS LIKE THAT?! I ORDERED THAT STUFF SPECIAL FROM HONG KONG!
WISCONSIN MARITAL PROPERTY LAW, PAL! READ IT AND WEEP.
WAIT A MINUTE! I BOUGHT THAT STUFF YEARS BEFORE WE WERE MARRIED, AND WE WERE MARRIED IN LAS VEGAS!
DOESN'T MATTER. WISCONSIN MARITAL PROPERTY LAW SAYS DER WIFE, HEY, AUTOMATICALLY OWNS HALF OF EVERYTHING SO LONG AS THE COUPLE RESIDES IN WISCONSIN!
SHUT UP, YOU LOVEBIRDS.
WHO... WHO THOUGHT OF THIS STUPID LAW?
THE PRO-FEMINIST, PRO-QUICHE-EATING, PROFLIGATE PIE-IN-THE-SKY LIMOUSINE LIBERALS WHO COMPRISE THE MAJORITY PARTY!
OH YEAH... OH YEAH?! MAYBE IT'S TIME TO BRING BACK THE KNEE-CAP PENALTY FOR STUPID POLITICIANS!
HONORABLE HUSBAND MUST WATCH BLOOD PRESSURE!
HONORABLE HUSBAND MUST SHUT UP!

## LET'S MEET BOB, OUR NEW EDITOR

*Last month I believe I promised you a delightful preview of what really cool comic books you could expect from First Publishing in the coming year.*

*And I surely would have done so, had I had no other choice.*

*But we've just hired a new editor, who will be screwing around with some of our most beloved titles, and I felt it appropriate to introduce him and let him tell you a few things about himself. In this way, when you write us complaining about something he has done, you'll be able to include the appropriate personal attacks.*

*Bob wrote the following himself, though he doesn't speak in the third-person like this around the office, thank God.*

Robert T. Garcia (as he's known to friends and family) joined First Publishing's editorial staff on Halloween day, bringing with him over ten years of preconceived notions about how publishing companies work that need to be changed forever.

"I want to bring a horror comic to the stands dripping with blood and terror, guaranteed to be banned in several states of the Union, with the popular appeal of the works of Clive Barker or Janet Dailey," says Bob.

Who is he, and what has done to get this job? "Well, I knew the publisher, that helped." Bob, Rick Obadiah and Darwin Bromley from Mayfair Games have been running the cross-company Fantasy Trip promotion at the American Bookseller's convention for the last three years, and Bob has gained a reputation for never staying in place for longer than five minutes, and always being frustrated. The latter being his reason for leaving the seedy world of advertising and promotion, and dedicating his life to fine art.

Along with his wife Nancy, Bob won an 1988 World Fantasy Award for *American Fantasy* , a magazine they founded. Bob has also worked for *Cinefantastique*, Mayfair Games, and the short-lived *Tesseract Science Fiction* and *Gameplay* magazines. He did the book design for Highland Press's beautifully illustrated limited editions of *Night's Master* and *Death's Master*, Avon Books' *Visual Guide to Castle Amber*, and other work for Fallow Books, Dark Harvest, and Corroboree Press.

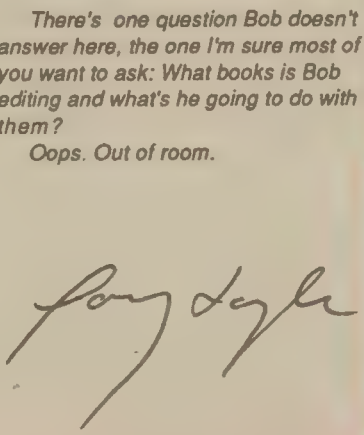
"Even though this probably doesn't mean a whole lot, I've been reading comics ever since I can remember, and in all likelihood learned how to read with comics. I have a vague memory about asking my mother what an ultimate nullifer was.

"Bringing my skills as an editor and a magazine/book designer to this job, is kind of a cyclical thing. I got into magazines and books because I loved comics as a kid and now those skills have landed me a job at a comic company who has lots of books planned, too. Highly karmic, eh?"

Too karmic for words, we're sure.

*There's one question Bob doesn't answer here, the one I'm sure most of you want to ask: What books is Bob editing and what's he going to do with them?*

*Oops. Out of room.*



**"Who is he, and what has done to get this job? 'Well, I knew the publisher, that helped.'"**

## FIRST IN JANUARY

**1 The Original Nexus Graphic Novel**: Collecting all three of the original **Nexus** black and white magazines. By **Mike Baron** and **Steve Rude**. Introduction by **Chris Claremont**.

**1 Nexus Legends #1**: A new monthly series re-presenting the initial full-color issues of **Nexus** originally published by Capital Comics. By **Mike Baron** and **Steve Rude**. New painted cover by Rude.

**1 Nexus #56**: Auditions are held for a new Nexus. By **Mike Baron** and guest artist **Spyder**.

**1 Dreadstar #42**: *Now monthly!* By **Peter David**, **Angel Medina** and **Sam Grainger.** Plus, the first installment of *Pawns*, an original science fiction novel by **Jim Starlin** and **Daina Graziunas**, with illustrations by Starlin.

**1 Lone Wolf and Cub #21**: By **Kazuo Koike** and **Goseki Kojima**. Cover painting by **Bill Sienkiewicz**.

**1 Badger #47**: By **Mike Baron**, **Ron Lim** and **Paul Abrams**.

**1 Grimjack #58**: By **John Ostrander** and **Flint Henry**.

**1 Whisper #24**: By **Steven Grant** and **Spyder**.

**1 Corum: The Bull and the Spear #3**: By **Mark Shainblum** and **Jill Thompson**.

**1 Sable #15**: Part one of a three-part story that will change Sable's life forever. By **Marv Wolfman** and **Bill Jaaska**.

**First Publishing, Inc.**
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# THE BEST CHOICE

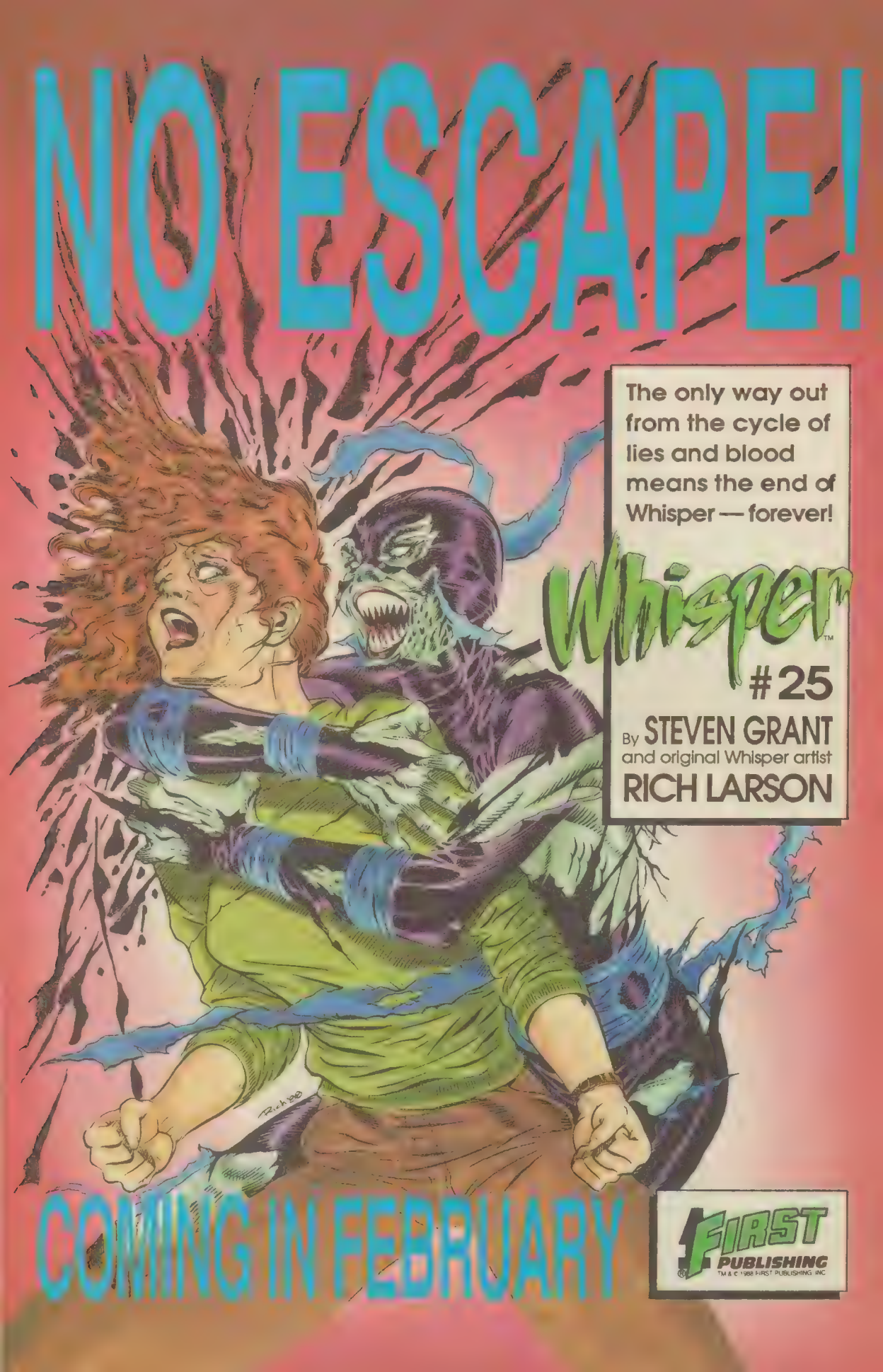
BEHOLD-- THE INSTRUMENTS OF FOLLY.
THIS IS YOUR BRILLIANT PLAN? TAKING A WHIZ IN THE DIESEL?
I SHALL BEGIN BY RELIEVING MYSELF IN THE FUEL TANK!
MY DEAR CHAP, I AM A WIZARD.
HEY, YOU!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
EGAD! WHERE'S MAVIS?
SHE WENT SHOPPING WITH MY MONEY!
GRINGOS IN CRAZY COSTUMES! WE'D BETTER TAKE THEM TO MR. ROTSARUCK.
BY ALL MEANS, TAKE US TO YOUR LEADER.
ADMIT IT-- YOU DON'T HAVE THE SLIGHTEST IDEA WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
I ADMIT IT. ARE YOU HAPPY?
ECSTATIC.
SORRY TO WAKE YOU, SIR, BUT WE CAUGHT THESE TWO SNOOPING AROUND THE MACHINERY.
HMM...

I AM GICHEN ROTSARUCK, VICE PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF RARE WOOD ACQUISITIONS. THIS IS A ROTSARUCK FACILITY. WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
HAM THE WEATHER WIZARD AND MY ASSOCIATE, THE BADGER. WE'VE COME TO STOP, THE CHOP-CHOP-CHOP-- PLEASE CEASE WE DO ADJURE.
YOU HAVE FAILED TO IMPRESS ME WITH YOUR MISERABLE HAIKU. THE PROPER HAIKU CONSISTS OF THREE UNRHYMED LINES OF FIVE, SEVEN, AND FIVE SYLLABLES, PRESENTING A PAIR OF CONTRASTING IMAGES.
COULD YOU GIVE US AN EXAMPLE?
THE NIGHT WIND BLOWS HOT, BUT BY THE DEWEY MORNING, TWO BODIES LIE COLD.
NOT BAD. HOW ABOUT THIS? IN AMAZON DID IRVING KAHN A STATELY PLEASURE DOME DECREE... NO, NO, WAIT A MINUTE...
THERE WAS A WANKER FROM JAPAN, HIS SCALP WAS ALWAYS ITCHIN'-- HE TOOK A TANKER TO BRAZIL, AND THEY CALLED THIS JERK-OFF GICHIN!
WAIT-- THERE'S MORE!
HO, HO! JOLLY GOOD, BADGER!

THAT IS NOT HAIKU!
WAIT A MINUTE, YOUR ROYAL BADNESS-SAN! HE'S JUST GETTING REVVED UP!
THEY THOUGHT THEY'D CHOP DOWN ALL THE TREES -- AND POST A QUICKIE PROFIT -- BUT WHEN THE WEATHER PATTERNS CHANGED, THE OZONE LAYER GOT DERANGED. SPACESHIP EARTH WAS HEATING UP AND ROTSARUCK COULD NOT GET OFF IT!
ROTSARUCK WANTS WOOD. BUT THE JUNGLE IS FINITE. CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY.
NO ONE MAY DICTATE POLICY TO ROTSARUCK!
ROTSARUCK-SAN, I HEAR YOU'RE A HOT KARATE MAN. DARE YOU PIT YOUR SKILLS AGAINST MINE? I LEARNED THAT FROM A CHINESE COMIC BOOK.
AND YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR LESSON WELL.
OF COURSE. AS A MAN OF HONOR I SHALL FIGHT YOU.
THAT'S GOOD, BUT WHAT ARE YOU GONNA GIVE ME IF I WIN?
IF YOU WIN, YOU AND THE WIZARD ARE FREE TO GO.
READY?

YOW ! GON' LAND WITH BOTH FEET NOW !
BACK TO THE DOJO, CHUMP !

UF - DA ! I'LL BET THAT SMARTS !
HOT DOG ! WE'RE GOING HOME !
GUARDS !
HOLD THEM ! IF THEY TRY TO RUN, SHOOT THEM !
HEY, MANNN... WHAT ABOUT YOUR HONOR ?
I DON'T NEED TO HONOR A PAIR OF TRES-PASSERS WHO RE-LIEVED THEMSELVES IN MY MACHINERY !
I NEVER--!
BESIDES, YOU GOT ME OUT OF BED.
SO WHAT ? YOU DRESS FUNNY.
WHUMP


NO ESCAPE!
The only way out from the cycle of lies and blood means the end of Whisper — forever!
Whisper™
#25
By STEVEN GRANT
and original Whisper artist
RICH LARSON
COMING IN FEBRUARY
FIRST PUBLISHING
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# WWIII COLLECTED

- BASED ON THE EXPLOSIVE *NY TIMES* BESTSELLER

BY **MAJOR HAROLD COYLE.**

- ADAPTATION BY **DAVID DRAKE,**

**ROD WHIGHAM** AND **GEROLD FORTON.**

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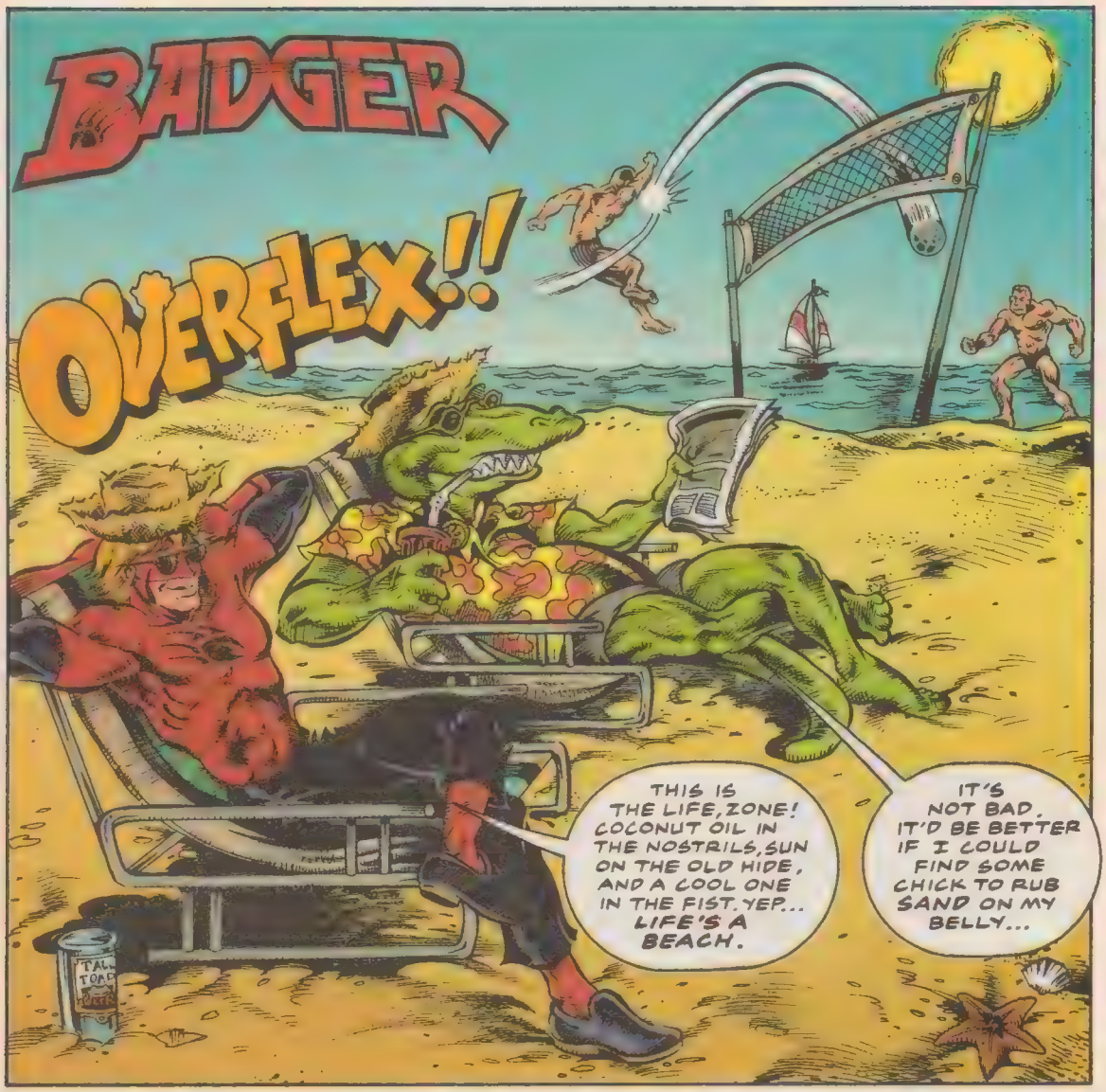
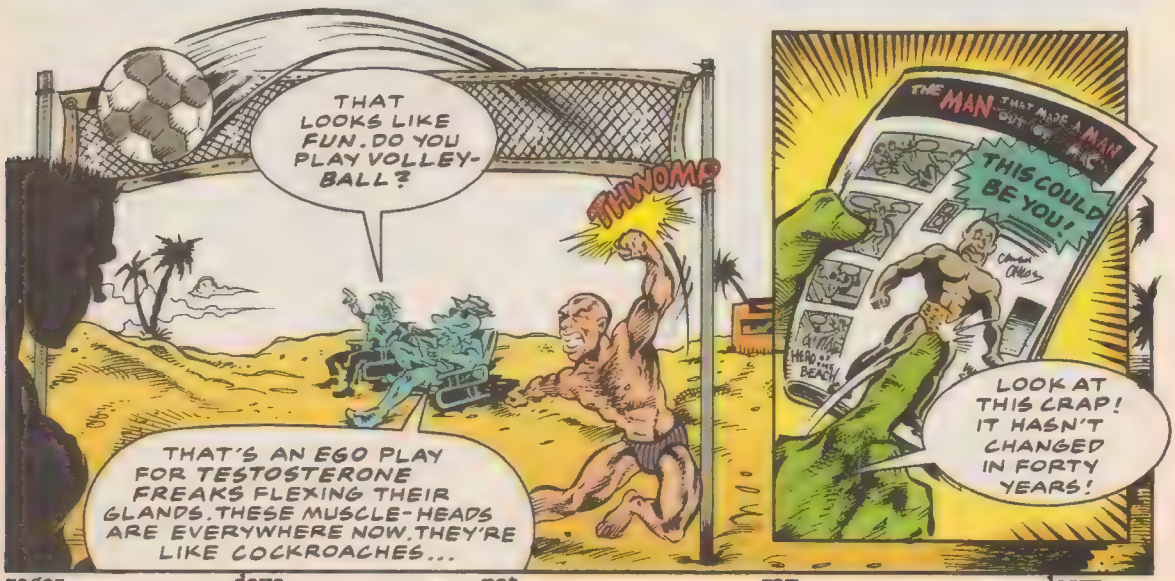
THEY MUST HAVE CONFEDERATES -- SEARCH THE PERIMETER ! IF THEY'RE NOT ONE OF OURS, SHOOT THEM !
KEEP YOUR HANDS UP !
I HAVE ONE HAND UP-- THAT'S ALL YOU GET.
YOU WOULD NEVER BEAT MR. ROTSARUCK AT THE SWORD. HE IS ITS MASTER.
MAYBE NOT, BUT DOES HE KNOW HOW TO CARVE A TURKEY ?
ADMIT IT-- YOU ARE WORKING FOR THE COMMUNISTS !
BONK

THERE'S THE OTHER HAND. HAPPY?
SNAP! CRUNCH!
SNAP
CRUNCH
COME ON, BOYS! IT'S PAST YOUR BEDTIME!
THAT'S MY COSTUME!
MAVIS, DID YOU CAUSE THOSE MACHINES TO EXPLODE?
I FLICKED MY BIC AT THEM.
MY BIC, YOU MEAN!
HAM! BADGER! I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME -- WE HAVE MANY MACHINES! BIG MACHINES! IN THE MORNING, THE GREATEST MACHINE OF ALL WILL ARRIVE!
THEN WE WILL RAZE THIS STINKING FOREST TO THE MOUNTAIN'S FEET!

**Next:** *You heard him; it's "THE JUJU JAGUAR!"*




roger **SALICK** WRITER
dave **NEWTON** ART
pat **BROSSEAU** LETTERER
ray **MURTAUGH** COLORIST
larry **DOYLE** EDITOR

NO, ZONE... YOU'RE WRONG! BODYBUILDING IS THE IN THING! EVERYBODY'S DOING IT.
NOT THIS LIZARD! I KNOW ABOUT THAT CROWD... BUNCH OF NARCISSISTIC PRETTY BOYS THAT ARE LIGHT IN THE LOAFERS...
HEY, HANDBAG! YOU GOT A PROBLEM OR SOMETHING?
AHEM... STEROID, MY GOOD MAN, YOU ARE STANDING IN MY SUN.
I'M A DRUG-FREE LIFTER, YOU LARD-ASSED LIZARD!
THEN YOU ARE INDEED THE PERFECT CANNIBAL'S DREAM. DESIST, SIR!...
FOUL! A VIOLATION OF BEACH ETIQUETTE!
BUNCH OF WIMPS...
I MEAN, THERE'S NO NEED TO GET PHYSICAL...
POUND SAND, PAL! YOU'RE RUDE!!
FWOMP!
HE'S NOT RUDE, I AM...
GET OUT OF MY STRIP!
C'MON, ZONE. LET'S BLOW THIS PLACE AND FIND SOME CHOW.
WATCH YOUR LIP, ZONE.
IS THAT ALL YOU DO... EAT, DRINK, AND POUND SAND?

...FOUR LONG DOGS WITH THE WORKS, TWO SLUSH CONES...
$5000.00
BODY BUILDING CONTEST
FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS?...
LOOK, BADGER! PROMISED RICHES FOR THIS FOOLISHNESS! FIVE LARGE SMACKAROONIES!
$5000.00
BODY BUILDING CONTEST
YEAH, I KNOW. I TOLD YOU IT WAS POPULAR STUFF...
IT'S PERFECT! WE SHALL ENTER! WE SHALL WIN! THIS RAMPANT VANITY SHALL BANKROLL OUR VICES!
US, COMPETE!?! WE'RE TALKING ZIPPO BODY FAT AND BICEPS YOU COULD SELL AT A MELON STAND. WHOEVER WINS WILL NOT BE FUELED BY HOT DOGS AND SLUSH CONES...
WANNA BET?
TONIGHT: FLEXMASTER BODYBUILDING CONTEST
EXCUSE ME, SIR. MIGHT YOU BE THE IMPRESARIO OF THIS WORTHY EVENT?
NO, BUT I AM HIS ASSISTANT. MAY I HELP YOU?
OFFICE
TICKET
IT IS I WHO MAY HELP YOU. DO YOU RECOGNIZE THIS OLYMPIAN FIGURE?
NO...

CLEARLY, YOU ARE NO EXPERT. THIS IS ZONE STRONGENBIGGER, THE CHAMPION OF TASMANIA, AND HE'S COMING ANY MOMENT! GOD! YOU PROBABLY DON'T EVEN HAVE HIS ROOM READY!
WE WEREN'T GIVEN WORD. THINGS GET SO HECTIC...
I HAVE NO TIME FOR ANEMIC EXCUSES. STRONGENBIGGER IS ON HIS WAY. PREPARE A ROOM AND ENTER HIM IN THE HEAVYWEIGHT DIVISION...
HEAVYWEIGHT DIVISION... THAT IS WHERE THE CASH IS, ISN'T IT?
THANKS. HE'LL APPRECIATE THAT.
I'LL SEE MR. STRONGENBIGGER IS ENTERED RIGHT AWAY.
YEAH, YEAH...
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TIPPED THAT LITTLE SQUIRREL. ANYWAY, HELP ME BLOW THIS THING UP, WILL YOU?
ZONE, THIS IS CRAZY! AND I KNOW CRAZY...
THAT'S IT, I GUESS. YOU'RE READY FOR A SHAKE 'N BAKE.
HEY! NOT BAD! I THINK WE'RE GONNA PULL THIS OFF! GET THE OIL, WILLYA? THESE GUYS WEAR MORE GREASE THAN A MEXICAN HAIRSTYLIST.
PSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS
MAGNIFICENT! A TRIUMPH OF LATEX AND AIR OVER SWEAT AND SINEW. LET'S GO WIN SOME BUCKS!

TV3 WHAT
THE FANS ARE GOING WILD HERE AT THE FLEXMASTER FINALS. WE'RE DOWN NOW TO THE LAST EVENT, THE INDIVIDUAL POSINGS. ALL BUT ONE CONTESTANT HAS BEEN CALLED TO CENTER STAGE...
ZONE STRONGEN-BIGGER CAME OUT OF NOWHERE, RIDING HIS GOD-LIKE FRAME TO WHAT SEEMS CERTAIN VICTORY...
UH-OH...
SSSS
...HIS SIZE AND HERCULEAN, SCULPTED SINEWS ARE INCOMPARABLE. SEEMINGLY BEYOND THE BOUNDS OF LIVING TISSUE...
CRAP. I'VE SPRUNG A LEAK!
SSSS
STRANGE, BUT STRONGEN-BIGGER JUST DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE THE PUMP HE DID A MOMENT AGO...
WHAT'S GOING ON ZONE?
THIS FURSHLUGINNER SUIT IS DEFLATING! QUICK...GET THE AIR CYLINDER WHILE I TRY TO BLOW IT UP A LITTLE...
AH-WHOOO AH-WHOOO
WHAT HEART! WHAT SPIRITED POSING! ZONE IS GIVING IT EVERYTHING HE'S GOT...
CLAP CLAP CLAP

OKAY, I'VE GOT THE AIR.
ABOUT TIME! I'LL BRING MY ARM BACK...YOU GET IT ON THAT NOZZLE. READY...
FFFTT
AWRIGHT, AWREADY! I'M DYIN'! HIT THE JUICE!
HERE IT COMES!
HISSSS
BADGER! CUT THE AIR! CUT THE AIR!
I CAN'T! THE THINGAMABOB BUSTED!
OH MY GOD... COULD THIS BE... AN OVERFLEX?
SSSSS
HEEEELLLP!
THWBAAM!
WELL, ZONE, YOU BLEW THEM AWAY. SORRY ABOUT THE CASH...THEY THINK YOU'RE DEAD.
Y'KNOW... I NEVER DID TRUST THAT SUIT. I WONDER IF THE LIFE INSURANCE POLICY I TOOK OUT ON STRONGENBIGGER WILL HOLD...
STRONGEN-BIGGER HAS BLOWN UP! HE'S OVER-FLEXED!
OH, YUK! THAT'S GROSS!
THE END

Hey Larry,

What's the story on Badger #45? Have I gone crazy or is this the first (No pun intended) we've seen of Mavis Davis Sykes, MD? Cause, if she's been in any of the stories prior to this one, I sure as hell don't remember her.

And is it just me or does Mavis resemble Angela from the Ex-Mutants?

But she and Norbert *do* make one helluva couple. Sorta like a mini-Hell's Angels, but much better dressed.

Pass the whiskey.

Uncle Elvis
17650 Dawson Springs
Dawson Springs, KY 42408

*We spend thousands of dollars on advertising. We go to conventions in all sorts of forsaken places. We say time and again! Buy* ***Hexbreaker****. It's an important Badger graphic novel with fun, excitement, danger, old villains, and Mavis Davis. But does anyone listen? Nooooo! Pass the whiskey.*

Dear Larry,

I *know* that Badger stands up for animal rights so how can he bear to live with Ham who not only kills two camels, a goat, five chickens and a miniature schnauzer for the sake of a long distance "call," but desires to kill the last California condor? He even tried to get out of kissing the Daisy/Toad! This isn't the kind of people Badger generally takes a liking to.

I suggest Mavis, Badger, Riley and Daisy "reform" Ham or evict him! Oh, and we fans generally prefer a definitive punch-out, so be sure to schedule a re-match with Dr. Riviera *soon*!

Thanks for listening.

Charlie Harris
2657 N. Mountain Ave.
Tucson, AZ

*What? "reform Ham," "evict him?"*

*Listen, if it wasn't for that short, over-achieving, meglomaniac where would ol' Badge be? Still punching out attendants in the ol' nuthouse, my friend. Ham may have a few bad habits, but a debt is a debt.*

Dear Larry,

Badger #45 — an issue dangerously close to the 50th anniversary issue — contained no letter column and I think you owe us an apology. From the cavalier attitude, one would almost believe that you fancy the idea of people actually buying this comic for the stupendous art and stories. Guess again. Fans buy this comic to read each others oddly phrased letters. I trust you will return the letter column next issue, or we will be forced to write each other and cut you out as middle men.

Another thing (two things total, if you're keeping count) the Badger got married and didn't even throw a suitable bachelor party the way Spiderman did. I'm proud to announce that I attended Spidey's bachelor party and I spiked the punch with radioactive vodka. We all got loaded and set him up with a hooker. John Byrne took pictures for his swipe-file and the results will probably turn up someday in a Rocketeer pin-up page.

Anyway, even though we were snubbed on the bachelor party (and snubbed on the wedding too, now that I think of it), I enjoyed the catfight between Mrs. Sykes and Nursie. It was a lot more interesting than the tussle between Badger and the guy who looked like Ranxerox.

I'm glad IBOB is still out there, menancing the hell out of reality and I'm especially glad Daisy isn't a frog anymore. Now that she's back to normal, I'm looking forward to a three-way catfight between Daisy, Mrs. Sykes and Jayne Mansfield, who should be one of Badger's dead friends, if she isn't already.

***"Who the Hell taught Ron Lim how to draw? Where the hell is this guy from?... 'Cause where ever it is I want to go there and thank his parents!"***

The back-up story was pretty good — better than Clonezone but not as good as Baron's stuff. In that story, Norbert acted too much like Michael Keaton and no one in their right mind would consider Keaton as any kind of super-hero.

T.E. Pouncey

*Actually, Ham and Daisy are getting married this upcoming summer in a massive thirteen part weekly premiere format series bringing together for the First time all the characters in the First pantheon from Lugulbanda to Psychoblast in an awesome no-holds barred battle against the evil forces of IBOB.*

*And all that you missed in the Badger/Mavis wedding will be presented in spades. From the buying and mailing of the wedding invitations to the soon-to-be classic confrontation between the Badger and all the guests that refuse to leave the reception. Action in the Mighty First Manner. —Right.*

Dear Mike and Ron, etc.

Firstly the art. Who the Hell taught Ron Lim how to draw? Where the hell is this guy from? Poughkeepsie? Carnarsie? Cause where ever it is I want to go there and thank his parents! Ron's work on the vampire issue is superb, the best since Jeff Butler drew the comic. Jeff will remain the consumate Badger Artiste (even better than Bill), being that it was he and Mike who shaped America's number one lunatic, but Ron gives the Badger a kind of even weirder lunacy. Great work, Ron.

By the way the colors in that issue were incredible. They reminded me of the DC's of the early sixties. Enough kudos, now why I'm unhappy. Firstly, I cannot find the Capital versions of the Badger anywhere. Please reprint ala Nexus, thank you. *(Look for our reprints in Summer of 1989 — Bob)* Also we've had a Nexus-Badger crossover, now how about Badger-Nexus crossover (and that issue where Judah ended up here doesn't count). Speaking of the great Nexus, you figure a guy with *that* much humanity would be able to feel some compassion for the Badger and learn to love him the way the rest of us do.

Now as to what I'd really like to see is Daisy loose her virginity (no, that's a joke to see if you're awake), I'd like to see Sable pop up again. Where's Meldrum Funamaker? How about Hodag? Is he really dead? Will we ever get to see the Badger kick that pompous-assed Wolverine's butt?

Larry
Trapped in Canarsie

*First letter, it was Ex-Mutants; the second letter we got back to normal. Then, Spider-man (for gosh sakes), and Rocketeer. Now Larry, brings in DC colorists and Wolverine! Do you know what this means? Publicists for other companys' are invading this letter column, but don't worry. I won't let it happen again.*

**NEXT ISSUE**: The Ju Ju Jaguar — Plots to overthrow Rostaruck — Handmaidens with guns. More Haiku hijinks featuring our heroes against the Paul Bunyan machine. By **Mike Baron**, **Ron Lim**, and **Paul Abrams**. Plus, Badger and Ham team-up against scads of vile, nasty weasels.

*– Bob Garcia*

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